

## Current Location

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## Current Location

by [hendollana](#)

### Summary

George makes sure he waits at least ten minutes before he likes one of Clay's posts, there's no way he'll notice him liking them all.

or, George fancies Instagram model Dream and chaos ensues.

### Notes

i'm abt to put way too much effort into a fic i don't even know if i'll finish.

also credit to all the random blond men's pics i'm abt to steal to use in this bc obvs dream hasn't done a face reveal but i don't doubt that he is insta model worthy.

this is very much au and ooc, as well as based off their online personas. so please don't send it to george or dream, or anyone associated with them bc i would simply be mortified.

nonetheless, enjoy

one.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



George wants to pretend he hasn't spent the past half an hour staring at the post, he wants to act as if he doesn't have Instagram notifications on, at least that's what he tells himself when he makes himself wait ten minutes before liking the post.

He already gets enough shit for fancying an American Instagram model anyway.

*Clay.* George hadn't really meant to find the man's account, it was just that he couldn't sleep one night, stressing over uni deadlines or something. And next thing George knew he was practically heart eyes over a picture of a blond guy on a beach that was on his Instagram explore page. One thing led to another and George had not only followed the American but had practically stalked his entire post history, deciding that, yep George's type is definitely blond tall men who looked like they could pick him up.

“George, mate, can you *please* stop drooling over that Insta model for one second, our project is literally due in,” James checks his phone, “three hours. Fuck.”

George startles a little, his eyes remorsefully leaving Clay’s beautiful face to look at his best friends and university classmates.

George grins a bit sheepishly, “Sorry, sorry. What do you need me to do? I already coded half the program for you.”

James rolls his eyes, pushing his laptop down onto their shared kitchen table, “Whatever, we probably deserve a ten minute break. Anyway, what’s Mr. Dream posted now?”

George also wants to act as if his eyes don’t light up at the chance to talk about a man who literally has no clue who he is. “Just a candid type thing, God James he’s so fucking hot.”

“Have you tried to shoot your shot yet?” James asks, feigning interest at the picture of the man shown to him on George’s phone.

The brunette scoffs, “What shot? Not only does he have almost two million followers, he’s absolutely out of my league and probably straight.”

James hums in agreement, and George only slightly wishes that his friend had argued with his points. Realistically, George knows that Clay would never in a million years pay any attention to him, but God, what he wouldn’t give to date the guy. Or even, just speak to him.

“Have you even like, ever commented?”

“No, what would I say?” George sighs, “His comments are just all his friends and a bunch of teenage girls trying to get him to shag them.”

“George, don’t act superior. You’re also trying to get him to shag you.” James laughs, eyes crinkling from under his grown out dyed blue hair.

George shoves James in retaliation, but really, he knows his friend isn’t really *wrong* . Not like he

can help it, Clay is perhaps the best looking man George has ever seen in his life, and he lives in the middle of London where there's thousands of Instagram models posing in front of quirky looking buildings.

“What would I even comment?” George considers, because he supposes there’s no harm in commenting something under the post of a guy he’s been crushing on for three months.

James shrugs, picking at a piece of wood chipping off their shitty student flat table, “Something funny? Like a reference or something, he mentions flexing in that post so like. I don’t know, ‘Go off Ricegum’.”

George outright laughs at his friend, eyes closing in happiness, “Because *that’s* not an old meme or anything.”

James glares at him, “Okay but it shows you’re not underage.”

And okay, maybe his friend has a point George thinks. It’s semi-funny, but not funny enough that on the odd chance that Clay actually sees it then he won’t think George spent ages thinking of a joke, and it *does* show that George isn’t fourteen.

“Fine, but he’s not even going to see it.”

Liked by georgenotfound and 432,673 others  
dreamwastaken flexing the watch a little

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georgenotfound go off ricegum



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20 August

“There. Done.” George says, turning his phone so James can see it.

“I’m impressed Georgie,” James says, smiling, “Now lets finish this fucking assignment, I need a good score.”

\*\*\*\*\*

George is getting ready for bed when it happens, uni project happily finished and James had gone to bed two hours prior, after their shared dinner of pasta. Maybe that's why he's absolutely taken aback when he gets the Instagram notification.

**dreamwastaken** started following you.

What the *fuck* . George hurriedly unlocks his phone, fingers fumbling as he opens Instagram. And there it is in his notifications, confirmation that Clay actually has started following him and it wasn't some weird glitch from Google designed to make him freak out. George wants to run into James' room and wake him up, because why on earth has Clay followed him.

He clicks on Dream's profile, fingers still shaking slightly, and grows even more puzzled. Because the model only follows two hundred odd people, and after George takes a quick scroll through them he can see most of them are fellow models or brands that he knows the American has worked with.

Had Clay seen his comment? Had he accidentally clicked follow? Now that would be embarrassing, George thinks to himself. He should just ignore it, it's two in the morning and George has class at ten. It was probably an accident, and Clay will unfollow the minute he notices that he's accidentally followed a randomer from England.

Oh *God* , George thinks, Clay might see his posts on his feed. All of George's stupid posts of memes and pictures of him being kicked out of McDonalds drunk at five am, and that thought is almost enough to make George go onto Clay's profile and block him. But no, because then who else is he going to stare at over the internet and imagine his life with as his scenario to go to sleep.

And George is suddenly very glad that he hadn't decided to block Clay, because his phone lights up with another notification saying that the American had posted a new photo.



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**dreamwastaken** dreamgum :(

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two minutes ago

*Dreamgum* ? George internally screeches, okay so, he definitely had seen the comment. George hastily clicks like, which could be a mistake he thinks to himself. Because that definitely lets Clay know that the Brit has his post notifications on.

“Fuck.” George mutters under his breath, nobody but the probable rats outside his flat hearing, clicking his phone screen off and shoving it under his pillow.

He’ll deal with this tomorrow.

## Chapter End Notes

sry its so short! just wanted to post it to see if anyone vibed with it, so lemme know if you think its worth me finishing this fic in the comment

## two.

### Chapter Notes

woww, i'm so blown away by the love this fic got already, thank u all so much, the comments n kudos mean a lot

i shall def finish this fic now, i wanna get it done before i go back to university (yes i am unfortunately an adult) but that's in a month so we shall see

hope u enjoy the new chapter!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Post something.” James says, eyes not leaving George’s flustered face, that he’s been subject to since he was woken up to George’s all exciting Dream related news.

“What? Why?” George replies, fiddling with the edge of his phone case, just to distract himself from the fact that it’s now been over twelve hours since Clay followed him.

James rolls his eyes, “To see if Clay likes it, obviously.”

And maybe George needs to give his flatmate more credit, because that’s the second good Clay related idea he’s had recently. He hums in response and unlocks his phone, it’s two pm, George had decided to skip his classes that day- he figures his lecturers will understand how important being followed by your crush on Instagram is- so Clay will probably be awake, American time zones and all.

“Okay, okay,” George ponders, “A picture of me or?”

James nods, “Yeah, you gotta thirst trap him.”

The brunette laughs, opening up his honestly too full camera roll, “Yeah, no.”

George scrolls through his gallery, sighing when he realises he really doesn’t have many pictures of himself amongst the candids of friends and Reddit screenshots. It’s not his fault, George tells

himself, he's trying to impress an actual model here, someone who takes pictures of himself for money and brand deals online. So really, George thinks, any picture of himself will pale in comparison.

"What about this?" James says, holding his phone to George's face.

"When did you take that?" George replies, grabbing the phone off his friend to peer down at the picture of himself.

James smirks, eyebrows raising, "I screenshotted it off Discord video call, I always knew the time would come when you need to impress a stranger on the internet."

George smiles, but then shakes his head a little, "Do you not think it's a bit cringey?"

The blue haired boy shrugs, "Nah, maybe a little but if he's seen your other shit quality posts it's not going to make any difference."

"Ouch, my feelings," George monotones, fixing his friend a fake glare as he passes the phone back, "Send it to me then and I'll post it."





George doesn't think about his post for the rest of the day, he doesn't even look at his notifications, though he's sure they're full of his friends taking the piss out of him and calling him an eboy.

Ignoring his notifications gets even easier when James asks if he wants to go out with his mates that night, because nothing distracts you more from the man of your dreams possibly liking your post than Wetherspoons with the lads.

George is on his third pint when someone inevitably brings it up, "So," Scott begins, "I hear your man followed you on Instagram."

George sends a proper glare at James now, even if the latter is at the bar with his back turned to the group, "He's not my *man* ." George says, and definitely leaves out the fact that he wishes Clay was.

“Okay, okay!” Scott says, holding his hands up in defeat, “No need to get defensive.”

“Oooh, who is George dating?” Wilbur pipes up from across the table, eyes dancing with curiosity and probably the effects of Sourz shots.

Scott laughs, and throws George an apologetic look before getting up to join James at the bar, who is now chatting up some very bored looking girls. Wilbur takes this as a personal invitation to take Scott’s seat next to George.

“Soooo,” Wilbur drawls, leaning into George, “Tell me all.”

George wishes he could lie about it, but he’s never been the one to turn down the opportunity to talk about himself or the person he has a massive crush on, “There’s really nothing to tell, just this guy on Instagram that I think is hot followed me back.”

Wilbur grins and claps his hands together in delight, and George smiles back, because maybe he’s finally found someone to talk to about this that is as excited over it as he is, “Show me him!”

George’s smile stays firmly on his face as he opens Instagram on his phone and shows Wilbur the photo of Clay that the man had posted yesterday, with the stupid watch and all.

“No fucking way.” Wilbur exclaims, and when George looks up from his lovesick gaze at his phone screen he sees that the taller man’s eyes are wide.

“What?” George asks, quickly locking his phone when he sees Wilbur is still staring at the picture of Clay in shock, “Wilbur, what?”

“*Dream*?” Wilbur shouts, too loudly for even a crowded London pub, “Shut the fuck up George, I *know* him.”

And George feels his world fall out from beneath his feet, because how the fuck does his best mates friend from university know who models for Ralph Lauren for fun Clay is? Had Wilbur been some also Insta famous person this whole time and George had missed it? George’s eyes can’t leave Wilbur’s, who in turn looks as shocked as George feels.

“What?” George splutters, feeling like a broken record, “How?”

“I met him in L.A, when I was there a few months ago for my music,” Wilbur explains, still looking stunned at the situation, “He was at the same party as me, something for like young, up and coming social media stars or whatever.”

George is more shocked at the fact that he didn’t know this already than the fact that both Wilbur and Clay get invited to cool silicon valley parties.

“Huh, so like,” George begins, blushing a little as Wilbur grins at him, clearly filled with joy at the new developments of the story, “Do you know him well, or?”

Wilbur shrugs, “Not super well, but we follow each other and have texted a few times,” the taller pauses for a second, “Did you not notice that Clay’s a mutual follower of mine?”

“No?” George replies, smiling a bit, “I don’t fucking stalk your Instagram too.”

“Oh! But you *do* stalk Clay's?”

“No!” George stutters, but they both know it’s an outright lie.

Wilbur smiles even wider, which George didn’t know was physically possible, “I can text him if you like, y’know, tell him you want him to wine and dine you.”

George grabs Wilbur’s arm, fingers wrapping around his wrist, “Don’t you fucking dare.”

As much as George *does* want Clay to ‘wine and dine’ him, he absolutely wants to do it on his own terms without the help of his apparently way more famous than originally thought friend.

“Okay, well,” Wilbur says, eyes mischievous as he takes a sip of his drink, “Your phone just lit up with a notification saying Dream posted so, your totally not obsessed self should check it.”

George glares, picking his phone up from the table and unlocking it to see Clay’s newest post, and,

well, *fuck* .



“Wilbur.” George states, hands shaking more than he’d care to admit as he once again shows the taller his phone.

“Oh shit,” Wilbur replies, “that’s totally an indirect reply to your post earlier.”

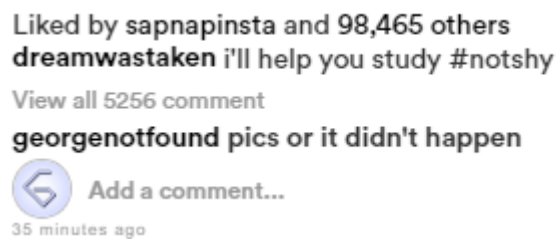
George rolls his eyes, because, yeah, no shit. “*I know* , but what am I meant to do about it?” He stresses.

Wilbur hums, fingers tapping the table as he contemplates it, “I mean, I guess just comment again. That’s what got him to follow you right?”

George nods, fingers already tapping the ‘add a comment’ option.

“Great, so maybe another comment will get him to DM you.” Wilbur finishes, giggling at George’s flushed face.

“Yeah, I doubt that, but I’ll comment anyway.”



George clicks send with his fingers still shaking, because that comment is definitely flirty and he has no doubt that Clay is going to see it that way. Oh god, what if he’s not even into guys and this was just some weird way for him to make a new friend, or fuck, what if he was indirectly making fun of George and *not* flirting with him. Fuck, fu-

“Mate, calm down,” Wilbur says, hand pushing George’s phone gently away from his face, “I know I’ve only met him once, but he was nice as hell and way too fit to be straight.”

George laughs a little, trying as hard as possible for it not to sound as hysterical as he feels, and suddenly nothing is funny at all when he sees his newest notification.

*Direct Message from dreamwastaken .*

George takes a deep breath and hides his phone from Wilbur, because as much as the guy has been a help, he doesn’t need his friends knowing everything about his hopeless crush. George excuses himself to the restroom, giving James a smile that’s more like a grimace as he passes him and the still bored looking girls.

He finally has the courage to open his DM’s after he’s been sat on the closed toilet lid for five minutes.

**dreamwastaken**

So, I’m going to be in London next week

George’s breath hitches, and he can’t stop the full on grin that his lips curl up into.

**georgenotfound**

Good

for you

Okay, maybe it's a bit rude of him, but he's trying to play it cool. George doesn't want Clay to know just how deep his levels of fancying him go on their first conversation.

**dreamwastaken**

Mean :(

You were the one who wanted pictures

I'm telling you they can happen next week

**georgenotfound**

Don't make promises you can't keep

**dreamwastaken**

Believe me, i'm planning on keeping it

If it means I can see your cute face in person

George feels his face heat up, and he knows his cheeks would be red under the smile that hasn't left his face since he first saw the message from Clay. This can not be happening, George thinks to himself, these types of things don't happen to him. Cute boys from across the ocean don't slide in his DMs and ask to meet him.

**dreamwastaken**

Well?

**georgenotfound**

Fine, but you better be good at maths

**dreamwastaken**

Expert, how else would i get away with not  
paying my taxes?

George snorts, and briefly wonders how insane the other people in the bathroom must think he is.

**georgenotfound**

Haha, very funny

**dreamwastaken**

I'm Clay by the way

George resists the urge to reply, and instead shuts off his phone and goes back to his friends, ignoring the knowing smile that Wilbur sends his way.



dreamwastaken · Following



Liked by georgenotfound and 298,465 others  
**dreamwastaken** london next week but i'm more excited to see you

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four hours ago

## Chapter End Notes

our boys finally interact x

i hope the formatting of the pictures and dms are okay i am stupid



## three.

### Chapter Notes

ok so pls don't get used to three updates in three days bc its 2am rn and i needa sort my sleeping pattern but yous leaving so many nice comments got me so hyped so i had to write another chapter

also sorry that the dms on the last chapter looked so fucked up i am dumb hehe

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George spends the next week alternating between freaking out over his dissertation and freaking out over meeting the man he's internet stalked for the past three months. His friends try to support him through both, though George would argue that they don't do a good job with either. James and his other uni mates are also stressing over their final projects and Wilbur can't stop the knowing smile whenever anyone mentions that George is meeting Clay.

He hadn't even wanted to tell his friends that Clay had asked to meet him, but George had spent the day after too nervous to eat or even play in their weekly Mario Kart tournament and somehow James had just *known* that it was about the infamous American model. George had spilled all then, recalling their direct messages and trying his hardest to ignore the group of men giggling over how oblivious George was being to Clay's clear flirting.

The thing is, George isn't really still one hundred percent sure that Clay *was* flirting with him. They'd only spoken once since the initial conversation, Clay letting George know that he'll be free on the Friday and to meet him at a small cafe that George has no doubts will be Instagram levels of quirky.

And now it's Thursday night and George is sat on his computer completely overthinking what's going to happen tomorrow. He'd carefully confirmed with Clay that they actually *are* going to study, though George isn't really sure if the American has any college experience, so he'd packed his bag with various study notes and his laptop. But George really isn't sure if it's a date, though when he had confided this to Wilbur the taller had laughed and told him that it absolutely is.

George sighs, and really he can't be blamed for opening up Instagram on his computer and clicking on Clay's newest post, telling himself he just needs to remember what Clay looks like before he meets him tomorrow.



Liked by georgenotfound and 356,995 others  
**dreamwastaken** are you even in london if you don't take a train pic

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fourteen hours ago

But George's plan horribly backfires, because how the *fuck* is he supposed to meet this god of a person tomorrow and not stress out over it. George knows there's no way Clay is that good looking just because of well angled photos, he can tell that the man is going to be just as hot in real life. George knows he's not ugly himself, but he doesn't think he's hundreds of thousands of likes attractive in the way Clay is.

God, George thinks, if it's not going to be a date tomorrow then he's fucked. Because all George can think about whilst looking at that picture is running his hand through Clay's blond hair, maybe tugging on it a little as Clay kisses down his neck and then, *no*. George stops himself, he absolutely can't be having those sorts of thoughts the night before he meets the man, no matter how badly he hopes Clay is tall so he has to go on his tippy toes to kiss him.

George groans for what feels like the tenth time in the past hour, double checking his alarm is set for eleven am before stuffing his phone under his pillow and closing his eyes.

\*\*\*\*\*

George is definitely freaking out now, he's standing outside the agreed upon cafe with his backpack nervously pulled tight to his chest and it's ten minutes past his and Clay's agreed time to meet and Clay isn't here yet and *god* , what if George had been stood up?

Later, George will tell his friends that he doesn't know why he waited so long to check Clay's Instagram but he's glad he does before he up and leaves.



dreamwastaken



trust the underground  
to make me late for a  
date



Highlight

More

Huh, George thinks, so this *is* a date.

George suddenly feels a bit under dressed in his striped polo top and black jeans, but really, how was he supposed to know that this was definitely a date. He blissfully ignores the voice in his head that sounds suspiciously like Wilbur telling him that random men who call you cute don't often want to meet up just to be friends.

George is so caught up in his thoughts that he doesn't notice the sound of someone walking up to him.

"Hey." A deep voice drawls out, and *fuck*, George is screwed.

George slowly turns around and is met with not only the man of his fantasies for the past few months, but quite possibly the tallest and most attractive man George has laid his eyes on in his twenty three years of life.

"Hi." George replies, praying to any God that's listening that Clay can't hear how nervous he is.

The Gods must be smiling down on him today, because Clay replies with a toothy grin that only shows off his perfect cheekbones more, "I must say, you look even prettier in person."

And fuck, how the hell is George supposed to reply to *that*? Clay thinks he's pretty? Him? George? He knows his cheeks are heating up, stupid pale English skin, but if anything Clay's smile only grows wider.

"Well, you look even taller in person."

And then perhaps the best thing to ever happen to George happens. Clay laughs, head bowed back and eyes closed, apart from it's not a normal laugh, it's a mixture between a wheeze and a giggle and George decides then and there that his one mission in life is to make Clay laugh as much as possible.

Clay's stopped laughing now, and isn't that a horrible sentence George thinks, but now he's looking down at George with eyes shining with happiness and maybe that's the second best thing to ever happen to him.

"You're an idiot," Clay smiles, "C'mon, let's go inside so I can help you study."

George can't stop the smile pushing the corners of his lips up, he had never really believed in love at first sight but he figures he might have to reconsider. Especially when Clay opens the door for him, guiding the shorter in with his hand on the small of George's back.

The sense of loss George feels when Clay removes his hand to pull out George's seat, he fucking *pulls out his seat* like some kind of romcom protagonist, is almost akin to the pain he feels when he dies in Minecraft.

"What do ya want?" Clay asks, and George never pictured himself finding an American accent hot, but here he is.

George looks up from Clay's, frankly gorgeous, eyes to the menu, "Uh, just an iced coffee, classic gay drink, but um, I'll pay."

George sort of hates himself for rambling and making a trademark gay joke, but then he all of a sudden doesn't hate himself at all when Clay answers with another wheeze laugh.

Clay waves his hand in dismissal, "I was going to get that too, I guess us gays really all are the same," He smiles, "And nah, I've got this."

"But-" George protests.

"You can pay next time." Clay replies, smooth as anything as he walks up to the counter to order from a preppy looking teenage girl.

*Next time?* George is trying not to exaggerate, but he feels like the luckiest man alive. He's on a date with a fucking model, who has the stupidest but most beautiful laugh he's ever heard, and he already wants there to be a next time?

George startles a little when there's a plastic cup of coffee placed next to him, and then grins when he sees the pink doughnut Clay places between them as he sits across from George.

"Sweet tooth?" George asks, eyebrow raised.

Clay smiles, and wiggles both his eyebrows in return, "Obviously, why else would I be on a date with a sweetie like you?"

“Oh my god,” George replies, and he’s sure his cheeks are turning the same colour as said doughnut, “You are so cheesy.”

“You love it,” Clay replies, so confident in himself, as he should be, George thinks, “So, studying? Or are we just going to stare into each other's eyes for the rest of the afternoon?”

“You wish,” George replies, scrambling to get his back from under the table to try and hide his obvious grin, “Do you even know your times tables?”

Clay gives George an offended look, bringing his hand up to his heart in mock woundedness, “I’m not just a pretty face George, I can also count and shit.”

And Clay looks so earnest that George can’t help the giggle that leaves his mouth, laughing even more as Clay looks delighted that he’s been able to get the Brit to laugh. George shoves his laptop on the table, fiddling with the keys as he brings up the equation that he’s been working on for his dissertation, smiling menacingly as he turns it to face Clay.

“Okay, well,” Clay sighs, “Maybe I *am* just a pretty face.”

“That’s enough for me.” George replies, and he knows how adoringly he’s looking at the blond man. He’s just glad nobody he knows is here to take the piss.

“Ha!” Clay grins, “I knew you thought I was hot, I wasn’t sure for a minute.”

George is stumped, “What? I literally follow your insta, why else would I follow you if I didn’t think you were good looking.”

George can see Clay smile even wider, “You’re just so, I don’t know, not forward I guess?”

“Shit,” George panics, stomach filling with dread, “I’m sorry, I’m just not so good at the whole, flirting and stuff.”

Clay’s eyes soften, and wow, George is really adding a lot of things to his list of best thing to ever happen to him today, and the taller reaches over a hand and places it on top of George’s.

“No need to apologise, George,” Clay almost whispers, “It’s just a part of your charm.”

George is definitely filling up his blush quota for the year in one day, but he can’t help it when Clay is looking at him like *that* and is softly brushing his fingers over George's knuckles and all George can think about is how he wants to spend the rest of his life with a man he met twenty minutes ago.

“Well, I’ve got to have some charm, when God so clearly picks favourites.” George replies, gesturing to Clay with his hand that isn’t being caressed by the latter.

Clay scoffs, rolling his eyes for extra measure, “Yep, and I’m staring at his absolute favourite right now.”

This American model is going to be the death of him, George decides. Because how is he meant to go back to his normal everyday life when he knows what it’s like to be under the gentle gaze of Clay, or when he knows how fuzzy his stomach feels when Clay hands him compliments like they’re free candy.

“Stop.” George glares, but it’s playful and he knows Clay knows.

George just doesn’t want to admit that he would more than happily spend the rest of his life listening to Clay’s voice. He figures that Clay probably knows this too.

\*\*\*\*\*

They don’t really end up doing much studying, instead Clay sticks his tongue out at George whenever the Brit tries to ask him a maths question and George diverts his gaze from his laptop screen to Clay’s face whenever the younger so much as breathes louder than normal.

George realises that Wilbur was absolutely right when he said Clay offering to help him study was just a ruse to get to go on a date with him. George also realises he should listen to his friends more.

They’re standing outside the cafe now, a solid two hours since Clay had first sneaked up on him, and George is fiddling with a loose thread on his shirt as he considers his next move. Luckily for



him, George has quickly realised that Clay doesn't mind making the first one.

"So, wanna come back to mine?" And okay, maybe George wasn't expecting that kind of boldness from Clay, "No! Wait, not like that, just to hang out more!"

George laughs, glad for once that Clay is the flustered one and not him, eyes soft as he looks at Clay's blushing face, "I'd love to, but I told my flatmate I'd be back for dinner, he's got some photography project I promised I'd help him with."

Clay runs a hand through his hair, and George is once again hit with the urge to reach up and touch it, "Photos of you? Are you trying to steal my brand?"

"No!" George chuckles, "I just said I'd help with lighting."

"Pity."

George swears he's going to get cocky if Clay keeps complimenting him like that, "Yeah, yeah."

"Let me walk you home?" Clay asks earnestly, eyes full of hope, and if George were even planning on telling him no he knows he wouldn't be able to now.

George nods, "Please."

The walk back to George's building is short, the ten or so minutes spent with Clay gushing about how much he loves London and George resisting the urge to grab onto and hold Clay's larger hand every time their fingers brush.

When the stop in front of George's flat block door, he wishes he had.

"So." George says, eyes locked onto Clay's.

"So." Clay replies, with a small smile that's seemed permanently fixed on his face the entire date.

“Will I see you again?” George asks, trying to ignore the tumble of nerves he feels in his stomach.

“Tomorrow?” Clay asks, “If you’re free?”

George realises that even if he wasn’t free, he’d say yes anyway.

He nods, “Yeah, I’d like that.”

Clay smiles down on him, reaching his hand across to cup George’s cheek, and oh *fuck*, they’re going to kiss. Clay is going to kiss George and George is almost certain he’s going to die of happiness.

But, instead, Clay’s hands trails up into George’s hair and gently guides the smaller's head into his chest.

“Lucky for you I kiss on the second date.” Clay mumbles into George’s hair, and he can practically feel Clay’s smile.

The American pulls away, blowing a kiss to George as he walks backwards the way they had come from, leaving the older left stunned on his doorstep.

Wilbur is absolutely going to get a kick out of this, George thinks.



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London, UK



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**dreamwastaken** i heard you like math, so what's the sum  
of  $U+Me$

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**sapnapinsta** CLAY? WHO IS THAT



Add a comment...

twelve hours ago

## Chapter End Notes

how he get a kiss kiss! no kiss for him!

## four.

### Chapter Notes

me: me uploading once a day is super unusual for me pls don't get used to it  
also me: so here's the fourth chapter in a row

oops, tbh this is just a wee filler chapter and then the next chapter is gna be a lot longer with like, actual plot and not just fluffy nonsense

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As it turns out, Wilbur is already in George's and James' flat, making himself at home.

"I told you so." Is the first thing out of Wilbur's mouth, after he swallows down a mouthful of pizza. George grimaces, looking over to James for help but all his so called best friend does is shrug and take a bite of his own slice.

"You didn't tell me anything." George replies, swinging his backpack off and dumping it on their sofa before taking the spare seat at the table.

"Excuse me?" Wilbur sasses, "I literally told you it was a date."

"He did, George." James speaks up when all George does in reply to Wilbur is roll his eyes.

"How do you know it was a date?" George counters, and then realises that his toxic trait is definitely his inability to let anyone but him be right.

Both of his friends outright laugh at him now, looking at each other while trying to catch their breath. George also realises he needs new friends.

"*Dude*," Wilbur wheezes, and George can't help his thoughts drifting to Clay's laugh, "Did you not see his Instagram?"

George had, in fact, seen Clay's Instagram post. He'd seen it and saved it to his archive and also screenshotted it for good measure. He'd also memorised the dumb pick up line Clay had put in the

caption, but George figures the less said about that the better. George hadn't even noticed Clay taking the picture, the taller must have taken it during the rare moments in which George was actually trying to learn something. But he's glad Clay had, and he's even more glad that Clay had posted it for his ridiculous amount of followers to see, as if Clay was *proud* to have been on a date with George.

"Plus," James adds on as an afterthought, still laughing a little, "You seem happy."

George blushes a little, but he knows his friend is right. He knows that he came into the flat with a smile fixed on his flushed face and his hands fumbled with the keys one two many times when trying to lock the door behind him.

"I am." George confirms, glaring a little as Wilbur and James coo at him.

"Sooo.." The tallest of the three conspires, "Tell us all."

And George sort of doesn't *want* to. He wants to keep Clay a secret, he wants to be the only one who knows that Clay sounds like a tea kettle when he laughs, he wants to be the only one who gets looked at by Clay's soft green eyes, and he wants to be the only one who can count the smattering of freckles on Clay's nose, George wants to be *selfish* .

As selfish as you can be about a semi-famous model anyway.

"It was nice." Is what George supplies.

Clearly, that answer is not good enough for Wilbur, "Nice! *Nice?* "

Or James, "Wow, so, George goes on a date with the man he literally hasn't stopped bothering me with pictures of in the past few months and all we get is 'it was nice'?"

George shrugs in reply, and for a brief second feels bad about not telling them but then he remembers the shine of happiness in Clay's eyes as he had blown him a kiss and suddenly George just feels warm.

“Sorry.” George offers up, smiling gently at his friends.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever.” James replies and George has known the man long enough to know he’s not actually bothered about it.

Wilbur on the other hand, George is honestly not sure.

“I won’t forget this, Georgie.” But Wilbur is smiling as he says it, and George takes back his previous statement of needing new friends because his are pretty fucking great.

“Do you still need help with your assignment?” George asks, peering at James from over his phone.

“Nah,” James replies, “I asked Wilbur over to help when I saw your man's Instagram post.”

“He’s not my man,” George replies on instinct, no matter how many butterflies take refuge in his stomach over Clay being referred to as that. “And what? Why?”

“Mate, sometimes I swear you’re this oblivious on purpose.”

And this only confuses George more, because what the hell is he being oblivious about? Clay had only posted a candid of their date.

“He’s saying he thought you would go back to Clay’s and fuck.” Wilbur monotones.

And, well, how was George supposed to have known James thought that.

“I’m wounded, James,” George grins, “I’m a man of honour and pride.”

James throws his head back in laughter, “Yeah okay, tell me that when you come home at the end of the week limping.”

George scowls at his friends who are both laughing at his expense for the second time this night, “At least I can get laid.”

“Oooh,” Wilbur calls, “shots fired.”

“At least the people I want to sleep with know how to private message me instead of indirecting me in their Instagram captions.”

“Okay but, seriously,” Wilbur adds on, “Clay literally just posted another picture about you.”

He did? George thinks as he opens up Clay’s page.



George breath hitches a little, because Clay is fucking beautiful and George is officially t-minus

eighteen hours away from kissing him.

"I'm just going to," George stutters, gesturing to his closed bedroom door with his thumb. "go to my room."

"Have fun!" Wilbur winks, and George is too busy staring at his phone screen to bother to correct him that he's not leaving to have *that* sort of fun.

As soon as George's door closes behind him with a soft click, he's flopping on his bed and opening his direct messages.

**georgenotfound**

Y'know if you missed me all you had to do was text

Clay's seen his message and is typing before George has even had time to exit the app and act as if he's not waiting for Clay's reply with bated breath.

**dreamwastaken**

Where's the fun in that?

Plus, are you complaining about seeing a picture of me

**georgenotfound**

Well, no

But i'd rather be seeing the real thing

**dreamwastaken**

You were the one who said he had to go home ;)

Also

How do you know Wilbur?

**georgenotfound**



He goes to my uni

Why, have you been talking about me Clay?

**Dreamwastaken**

Maybe

He won't give me any info anyway

George smiles.

**georgenotfound**

Loyal

Anyway you could just ask me

What do you want to know

**dreamwastaken**

Everything

**georgenotfound**

Stop that

I'm blushing

**dreamwastaken**

Good ;)

I'm being serious though George

I want to know everything about you

I want to know what makes you giggle

Or how you like your tea

Or if you make cute sounds when you stretch

And your fears

And dreams

I want to be apart of your everything

George's phone is trembling in his hands, and he's maybe slightly embarrassed at the hot tears he can feel welling in the back of his eyes, before he blinks them away. But Clay is so *nice*, George doesn't think he's ever had someone wax poetic for him like that, and he doesn't *get* it.

Because Clay seems so perfect, he's beautiful and he's got people admiring him left and right and he's so sweet, and kind, and funny. Clay makes George feel like he's the most important person in the world.

And George is just, George. He spends more time coding Minecraft plugins than he does doing university work, and he forgets to turn the tap off as he brushes his teeth, and he sometimes spends days in bed because he's too sad to get up and Clay is too *good* for him.

George wonders if Clay would still want to know everything about him if he knew that. His phone buzzes in his hands before George has enough time to properly work himself up.

**dreamwastaken**

Sorry George

Was that too forward of me?

please don't be mad

Mad? George scoffs, try infatuated.

**georgenotfound**

No, no

Just wow

You're too good to be true Clay

**dreamwastaken**

I think that's you

Can I call you?

**georgenotfound**

Yeah

Please

George's phone rings within seconds, and the Brit answers in even less time.

"Hey." George whispers, even though he doesn't need to be quiet. He can hear James and Wilbur bickering over where to place one of the photography lights and knows they won't listen in, but it feels right.

"Hi." Clay replies, just as softly.

It feels intimate, and sacred, and George wishes he was next to Clay with their hands tangled together.

"I want to know everything about you too."

"Yeah?" Clay hums, and George thinks that if he were with him right now then he'd break the no kisses till the second date rule.

"Yeah." George clears his throat, "You make me feel so special, Clay."

George treasures the happy puff of air he can hear Clay breath out.

"You *are* ." Clay insists, "I knew the minute I saw the comment on my post, and then maybe again the next hour I spent looking through your entire account."

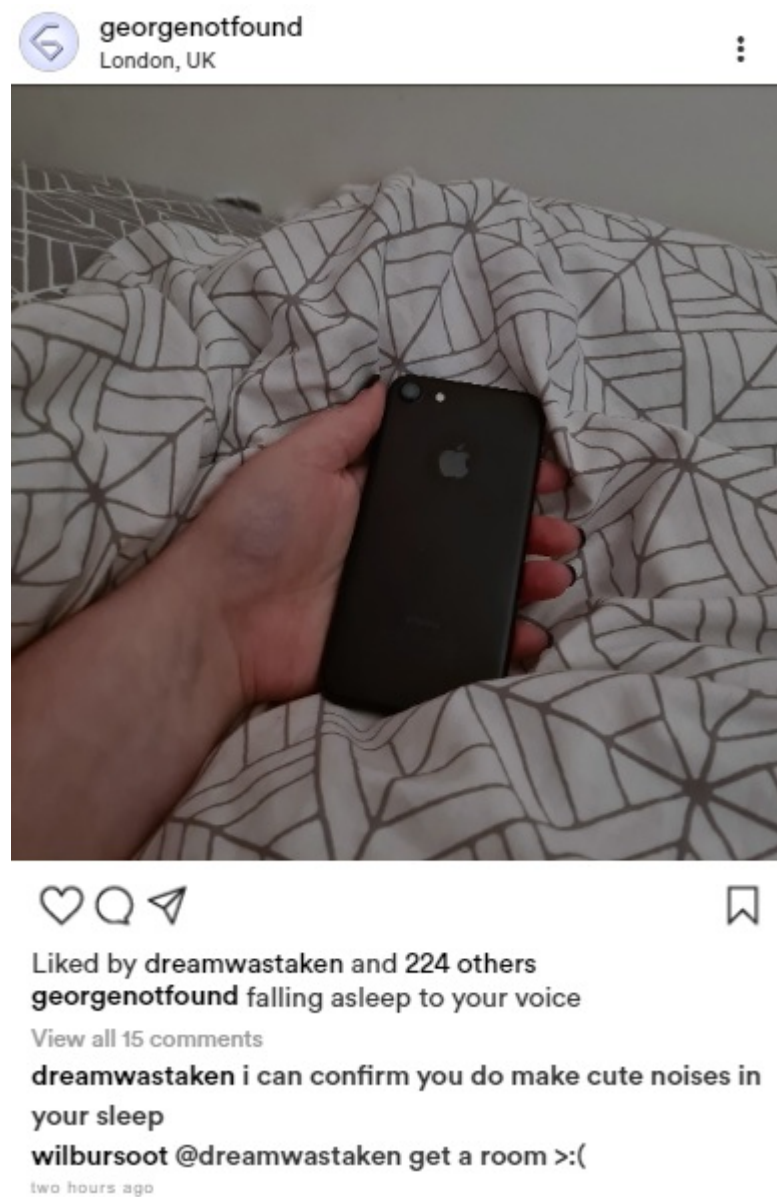
"Wait," George giggles in disbelief, "You stalked *my* account?"

“You were someone commenting on my obvious compliment beg post who wasn’t doing that, I had to.”

George makes another mental note to thank James for the suggestion.

“I’m so glad I’ve met you.” George speaks, as if revealing a century long secret.

“Me too.”



yes i did get my old iphone out to take that last pic for georges insta jdfhhf, so pls pretend thats a mans hand also i hav my nails painted oops so u can simply ignore that or pretend george paints his nails

prehaps im also sowing the seeds for future angst in this chapter.... teehee

## five.

### Chapter Notes

its almost 3am teehee and this chapter isn't as long as i wanted :(( sorry!! but i wanted to upload because i'm away for a week now to try and find a flat to live in in my uni city, i might do a small upload during but no promises as i wont hav my laptop, so if not i'll see yous all next wednesday

heed the implied sexual content tag in this chapter pls! no actual smut tho, and it's easy to skip if you want to :))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George isn't nervous, per say, for his and Clay's second date, because the two had spoken on the phone till two in the morning, until Clay had regretfully murmured that he had to be up at eight for a photo shoot, but he can't help the sick feeling in his stomach.

It's just that, George has never wanted anything to work out more in his life than him and Clay. Everything still feels just that bit too good to be true, like George has woken up in the hazy warmth of a good dream and he's still waiting for the sound of his alarm to bring him back to reality.

George is sat on the wall outside of his flat, anxiously swinging his legs back and forth and giving small smiles to all the people that pass him and give him a weird look. Clay had texted him this morning saying that he'd just meet George at his flat because his shoot location was near and George had felt fizzy inside over Clay wanting to see him as soon as he was done with work.

George didn't even know *where* they were going for the date, he'd asked Clay on the phone last night but all the other male had said was that it was a surprise and then a dumb joke about wearing something nice. George had decided that 'something nice' was a black jacket and jeans.

However, George definitely *is* getting impatient, not that Clay is late or anything, it's just that George wants to see him as soon as possible. Fate is on George's side today because when he looks up from his blank phone screen he can see a tall figure making their way down the cobbled London pavement and George can't stop the grin that peeks out from his lips.

Clay looks amazing, as usual George's brain supplies, he's wearing all black which makes him look even taller than George thought possible and he has a supreme bum bag on, which George absolutely would have made fun of anyone else for wearing but somehow the American just pulls it off.

“Hi!” George chirps, jumping off the wall as Clay approaches him.

“Hey.” Clay replies, smiling at George as he pulls him in for a hug.

A hug which, if George must say so himself, is probably the best he’s ever had. For once in his life George is thankful for his height because he fits perfectly in the crook of Clay’s neck and he never wants to leave there. Unfortunately, all good things must come to an end so George pulls away and looks up at Clay who’s looking down at George with pink cheeks and all George wants to do is kiss them.

He doesn’t, though. He doesn’t know what’s his to take yet.

“So, Mr. Model, how was your shoot?”

Clay laughs a little, “Good, good, would’ve preferred to be here with you though.”

And George doesn’t know if he’ll ever get used to Clay hitting him with lines like that, words that make him feel like he’s flying, “You can’t just say shit like that, Clay.”

“Why not?” Clay inquires, ruffling George’s hair as he pushes him forward to start walking.

“Because it’s too *sweet* .”

“You love it though.” Clay replies, full of blind confidence and George is hit with an ugly wave of jealousy. He does love it though.

“Whatever,” George fake whines, giggling as Clay bumps his shoulder into him, “where are we even going?”

“Ah,” Clay exclaims, his voice intimidating some sort of circus conductor that does nothing to help stop George’s giggling, “On a grand tour of London.”

“Clay, I literally live here.”

Not that George would complain about doing anything with Clay, he figures he would spend hours watching paint dry if he was standing beside the American. But really, shouldn't it be him doing the tour?

“Really? I hadn't noticed,” Clay says, voice dripping with sarcasm which somehow makes him sound more attractive, “I doubt you've been to all the cool places before though, you know the edgy Instagram-esque ones.”

“Mate,” George deadpans, “You are *such* an e-boy.”

George's reply gets the desired effect, because Clay has to stop walking for a second as he doubles over in wheezy laughter. Clay looks beautiful, George thinks, his blonde hair is shining in the afternoon sun and his chest is shaking with laughter and George knows how damn lucky he is.

“Says the one in an oversized puffer jacket.”

“The word you're looking for there is roadman,” George glares, “and it's *comfy* .”

Clay looks puzzled for a second, shaking his head as he takes a few big steps to catch up with George and carry on walking, “What the fuck is a roadman?”

“And yet you think you know all the cool London hot spots, man doesn't even know what a roadman is.” George grins, eyes shining with laughter.

“George.” Clay whines, and he drags out the E just enough for George to take pity on him and explain.

“Like, I don't know how to explain it, just a basic London boy, like a chav, and I am absolutely not one.”

“What's a *chav*?” Clay replies, “I take it all back, I hate the UK.”



“But not me though.” George jokes, looking up at Clay with fake puppy eyes.

“No,” Clay says softly, “Not you.”

\*\*\*\*\*

The place Clay takes them, is in fact, *not* edgy or quirky.

“Clay, this is literally the London eye.”

“So?” Clay giddily replies, grabbing George’s hand and pulling him along into the queue.

“You said you would take me somewhere I’ve never been before,” George groans, but really he’s smiling and doesn’t mean it, “I can see the London eye from the roof of my flat.”

“Okay but, have you ever even been on it before?”

“Well, no, but-”

“No but’s Georgie, I told you I’m taking you somewhere you haven’t been before and oh, surprise! You haven’t been here before.” Clay laughs, and his hand is still tightly wrapped around George’s and George thinks he’s never been this happy.

He still rolls his eyes in reply though, he can’t let Clay get that cocky.

“Fine, but the view better be worth it.”

Clay smirks, and really George should start to prepare himself more for setting Clay up like that, “I’ve got all the view I need here already.”

George can feel the heat on his cheeks before Clay even coos at him and brings his hand that's not holding onto George's to his cheek. George doesn't think he's ever fallen this hard for somebody he's known for a week before.

"Shut up."

"Make me." Clay murmurs, and his face is inching just that bit closer to George's, his wavy hair falling just a little over his eyes and George decides then and there that he's over not letting himself make the first move, at least for this specific moment.

"Okay." George replies before closing the gap between their faces and pressing his lips to Clay's.

It's sort of perfect, Clay's lips moving against his as his hands cup his cheeks, Clay smiling into the kiss as George brings his arms around to rest on Clay's shoulders and connect at the base of his neck, Clay's tongue running playfully along George's bottom lip before gently pushing into George's mouth. And yeah, it's not sort of perfect, it just *is* perfect.

George feels like they've been kissing for half his lifetime by the time he eventually has to pull away for air, feeling even more giddy as he sees Clay looking down at him with a soft smile. But they haven't even moved that far along in the line, so George figures it was closer to minutes.

"Wow," Clay breathes, his hand still on George's cheek and now delicately rubbing up and down it, and George really thinks he should be the one saying wow, "you're amazing, George."

George knows he's already blushing too much for any new pinkness to show, but he can't stop himself pushing his face into Clay's shoulder to hide his face.

"No, you're amazing." He mumbles into the fabric of Clay's sweatshirt, smiling even more as he feels Clay's chest shake with laughter under him.

"Okay, but you're the cutest."

And George doesn't have time to argue because they're being called up to pay for their tickets and George is too busy mourning the warmth of Clay's chest. George, however, *does* have time to un-link their joined hands and skip ahead of Clay in the queue.

“Two, please.” George says to the pink haired girl at the till, who's giving him a knowing smile as she eyes Clay standing behind him. George is about to panic for a second, before he spots the small pride flag pinned onto her work uniform and suddenly he's filled with love for the vibrancy of London.

“That'll be £80, please.” She replies after tapping a few buttons on her till, and George tries his best to not look as shocked as he feels. Almost one hundred quid just to see how disgusting the water of the Thames is? But, George supposes, what else is his student loan for if not for an overpriced date with a beautiful boy.

So he smiles at the girl and pushes his credit card into the machine.

“Thanks.” George says, taking the tickets from the workers hands and turning back to Clay who's already smiling at him. “I told you I'd pay next time.”

Clay rolls his eyes fondly, “I paid for coffee, you've paid for a frankly overpriced funfair ride.”

George shrugs, re-linking his and Clay's hands because he's decided he wants to spend the rest of his life with them intertwined, “You'll just have to go all out during our next date.”

“You better hold that to me, because I actually am going to.”

\*\*\*\*\*

The view from the London eye, as it turns out, is actually pretty nice. Even if George and Clay spend half of the ride too busy wrapped up in each other's arms and stealing kisses, whilst trying their very hardest to not make out because of the family directly across from them, and the other half with Clay trying to get the best picture for his Instagram. Telling George that, not all of us can be super smart coders Georgie, I have to make a living somehow!

George doesn't really mind, because it means he can stare at Clay without the taller staring back and making George's brain rewire.



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London Eye



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**dreamwastaken** the view of london is pretty but i prefered  
the view of you

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**georgenotfound simp**



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four hours ago

When they finally tumble off the ride and down the steps, George feels drunk on happiness and kisses. His cheeks hurt from smiling so much and he doesn't think he'll ever tire of hearing Clay's laugh, or Clay's smooth compliments, or just *Clay*.

"I don't want to go home." George murmurs sadly, staring down at his and Clay's swinging hands between them.

"Then don't." Clay replies, as if it's as simple as that.

But maybe it can be as simple as that. Because for once in George's life he's *tired* of overthinking everything, he's tired of running through all the what if's and playing the worst case scenario in his mind. George likes Clay, he likes Clay a whole fucking lot, and he wants to go back to Clay's

room, so why shouldn't he.

It's probably dangerous thinking, but Clay makes George want to be risky. He makes George feel full of life, and happiness, and the joy that comes from knowing nothing can go wrong. He makes George feel *whole*.

"Yeah, okay." George replies, and the pure happiness that lights up Clay's eyes and smile makes George think he'd take any risk to make him look that way.

The walk back to Clay's hotel is filled with silence, but it's a comfortable silence, the sort of silence that's filled with the good kind of anticipation. The silence is broken by George when he sees where Clay is staying though.

"The *Four Seasons*?" He exclaims, turning to look at Clay who's grinning sheepishly, "So you're rich rich."

"No!" Clay chuckles, "It's not even me paying, it's my agency."

"Wow, get yourself a man who has a sugar daddy."

Clay wheezes in reply, pulling George up into the building and nodding at the receptionist, "Is that what I am? Your man?"

And, shit, George hadn't really meant to say that. It's just that living with James taking the piss and calling Clay his man that he's so used to Clay being called that, but *fuck*, he hadn't meant to say it in front of said man. Because what if Clay thinks this is just some fun weekend fling before he jets back off across the Atlantic Ocean, which George tells himself he would totally understand and not cry himself to sleep over.

"George," Clay says softly, hand on his lower back as he guides him into the lift, "Stop thinking so much."

"Sorry," George whispers, looking up anxiously at Clay, some of his worries drifting away as he sees Clay's usual soft smile, "I mean, maybe you are."

“That’s the right answer.” Is Clay’s only response, before he’s crowding George into the wall of the elevator and licking into George’s mouth before he even has the chance to think about what Clay’s just said.

George barely has the time to properly kiss back either when Clay starts moving his lips from George’s and kissing the edge of his mouth before working his way down to George’s neck.

“Fuck.” George moans, as Clay licks over a partially sensitive spot on his neck, his head tilted back onto the cold metal of the wall and George doesn’t even want to think about what someone would see if they walked into the lift right now.

“That’s the plan,” Clay detaches himself from the crook of the shorter’s neck to say, “If you want, obviously, if you don’t want to do anything we don’t have to.”

And George is filled with bubbly warmth at how considerate Clay is being, it’s bare minimum George supposes, but you know, men.

“Clay, I’m literally letting you give me hickies in a public lift, I definitely want to.”

Clay gives him a wolfish grin, and George pretends it doesn’t add to the swirl of arousal in his stomach.

“Good boy.” Clay breathes into George’s ear as they exit the lift and enter Clay’s room, and George won’t even pretend that that doesn’t make him let out a small whimper.

\*\*\*\*\*

The moonlight is shining down on Clay’s chest next to where George has his head rested, humming contently every so often as Clay plays with his hair. George feels so blissfully happy that he can almost forget about his looming dissertation deadline, and his missed therapy appointment, and that Clay’s going back to America soon and might forget all about him.

George’s happiness is only cut with the blunt edge of a knife that reminds him that Clay doesn’t actually live in London.

“George,” Clay murmurs quietly, as if not to break their peaceful state, “I’m so glad I met you.”

George thinks that Clay might be the best thing that’s ever happened to him, “I’m more glad that I met you.”

Clay snorts a little, brushing George’s hair off his forehead, “You know you’re my boyfriend now, right?”

“Yeah?” George says calmly, because he’s practically a pro at hiding just how fast his heart is beating.

“Yeah.”





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**dreamwastaken** he's small but i'm a simp 🤔

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**sapnapinsta** if you don't reply to my dm i'm leaking your address

ten hours ago

\*\*\*\*\*

**sapnapinsta**

Clay.

CLAY.

I swear to god

**dreamwastaken**

Hey sappy



**sapnapinsta**

Nuh uh

You don't get to go on two dates with mystery boy whilst ignoring me  
and then 'hey sappy' me

**dreamwastaken**

Sorry :(

Really, i am

**sapnapinsta**

Make up for it by telling me all about him

**dreamwastaken**

He's perfect nick

He's so beautiful, and he makes me laugh so much

And he looks at me with these brown eyes and just

I wanna look at him forever

**sapnapinsta**

Wait

This isnt that george account that you used to stalk but refuse to follow

**dreamwastaken**

Maybe....

He doesnt know that though

So shhh

**sapnapinsta**

Oh my god

Well, does he at least like you back

Or obsess you back

**dreamwastaken**

He's currently curled up into me fast asleep

So i'd say yes

**sapnapinsta**

Clay, you dirty dog.

I'm happy for you though, really

I bet you make an adorable couple

Probably like, sickenly cute

**dreamwastaken**

Thanks, we do

I wont forget about you sappy dont worry

**sapnapinsta**

Just as a third wheel now :(

What are you going to do when you come back to america though?

**dreamwastaken**

I dont know

But i'll literally do anything to make it work

He's special nick

I don't want to lose him.

Clay sighs, carefully putting his phone away on the bedside table as to not wake the sleeping man

on his chest. Whilst also trying to ignore how painfully his heart constricts when he thinks about going back to Florida in a day.

He'll make it work, Clay thinks as he presses a kiss to George's head and drifts off into sleep.

## Chapter End Notes

dream is in fact, a big ol simp! also sapnap finally got his replies hheheh!!

maybe prehaps i also wrote myself into this chapter sjdhhf, but i DO smile at fellow gays at my work so it's accurate. also i don't work at the london eye but it is that expensive i luv my country i swear :/// rip georges bank balance

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!